

HESSION FLY COST FARMERS FIVE MILLION

LATE SEEDING OF WHEAT ADVISED BY PURDUE TO OVERCOME BIG LOSS.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Aug. 25.—Hessian fly damaged the Indiana wheat to the extent of \$5,570,000 during the past year, according to estimates based on reports from throughout the state to the soils and crops department of Purdue University. The fly was so bad in some sections that the wheat was not worth cutting and in many places it was plowed under in the spring and the ground seeded to corn or oats.

This loss can be prevented the coming year by the late sowing of wheat or seeding after the fly free dates according to Prof. A. T. Wiancko, head of the soils and crops department of Purdue. Purdue and Government entomologists have established by several years experimental work dates from various parts of the state for seeding so that the wheat will not be damaged by the fly.

"On our experiments station grounds at Lafayette the best results have been secured by seeding during the last week in September," said Prof. Wiancko. "About one day earlier or later than this should be counted for each ten days north or south of this latitude. When there is Hession fly in the neighborhood it is advisable to delay seeding to as late a date as possible. Late seeding often escape fly damage where early seeding would be badly damaged. There is of course, a practical limit to the lateness of seeding. It must not be so late as to put the wheat into the winter in poor condition. Good fertilization will help to develop the late seeded wheat. Posters and maps showing the dates for seeding have been sent to each county. The maps show that seeding should be done, if possible, from Sept. 20 in the extreme northern part of the state to Oct. 10 in the extreme southern part of the state.

One man in the community seeding before the fly free date may start the flies that will infect the whole community.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Thomas J. Ford et al. to Eugene Shider land in Greencastle tp., \$1,100 Central Trust Co. to Phi Psi House, lot in Greencastle.
United States to Joseph Jackson land in Monroe tp.
Paul F. Priest to Raymond M. Erwin land in Franklin tp. \$3,000.
Frank Edwards to Harvey A. Hall lot in Bainbridge \$80.
Frank Edwards to George W. Stan lot in Bainbridge \$55.

PAPERS INCREASE RATES

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Aug. 24.—The subscription of the South Bend News-Times has been increased to 20 cents a week because of the increased cost of print paper and other materials, it was announced today. Single copies will remain at 3 cents except on Sunday when the price will be 10 cents.

MONTREAL, Aug. 24.—The Montreal Gazette announces that on and after Sept. 1, 1920, the price of the paper will be 5 cents, while the subscription rate will be raised to \$12. a year.

SOUTH RUSSELL

Witt Sutherland and wife and Clay Burkett and daughter were Sunday dinner guests of Lyle McGaughey and family.

S. R. Bales and wife, Floyd Bales and family and Otto Bales and wife, were Sunday guests at Milt Browns. David Englan wife and son Paul visited several days last week with relatives in Illinois.

Elmer Clodfelter and family spent the day at the Shades Sunday.

Oscar Martin and family are spending a few days with relatives in Parke County.

Lee Sutherland and wife were guests of Earl Sutherland and wife Friday night.

Charles Moffett was in Indiana,polis today on business.

JAMES HOLLICK DIES IN AN INDIANAPOLIS HOSPITAL

The death of James Hollick, age 73 for many years a resident of Greencastle occurred on Tuesday night at the Methodist hospital in Indianapolis, following a long illness of stomach trouble and complications. The body was brought to Greencastle this afternoon. Mr. Hollick for many years operated a dray line in this city but for the past several years looked after his farming interests, until his health prohibited. He leaves one son, Clarence Hollick, a post office employee.

The body was brought to Greencastle this afternoon on the 2:38 interurban car. It was accompanied by Clarence Hollick, the son and J. N. Hollick of Frankfort, a brother. The body was taken to the home on Maple Avenue where services will be held Friday afternoon at 1 o'clock. The body will be taken to Gosport for burial beside the body of the wife, who died about 4 years ago.

Members of the local G. A. R. of which Mr. Hollick was a member, having served three years and seen severe action in the civil war, and post office employees met the body at the station this afternoon.

U. S. FLYERS REACH GOAL

NOME, Alaska, Aug. 24.—The four United States airplanes flying from Nome, N. Y., to Nome arrived here from Ruby, Alaska at 5:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The actual flying time from New York was fifty-five hours, Capt. St. Clair Street, head of the expedition announced. The hop off on the return trip to New York will be made in a few days.

LIBERTY

Mr. and Mrs. John Brannaman of Cloverdale, Albert Davis of Tampa, Florida, Mrs. Maude Poisel of Wheatfield, Indiana visited Mrs. Sarah Rader and family Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kohlenburg visited Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Mustard Sunday. V. O. Syester and wife of Linton visited his parents here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Tapp and child, ren of Terre Haute, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Keiser and children and Effie Murbarger visited at O. L. Keiser's Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Mace of Cent. ter Point were dinner guests of Mrs. Sarah Rader and family Sunday.

Mrs. William Johnson and child, ren of Morristown, Ind., are here for a few days with their parents Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hemphill.

LENA

Rev. Bailey and William Stiles were in Brazil Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Ervin Delvin of Huntington came Tuesday to visit her daughter, Mrs. Lloyd Stevens.

Mrs. Harry Hendrix of Brazil was the guest of Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Williams Tuesday evening.

Harold Vinzant was in Greencastle Friday.

Mr. Philip and Randal Adamsen, Arthur Price, Frank and Clarence Reinhold, W. S. Cox, Dr. Jay Stiles and C. E. Vinzant attended the Masonic Lodge at Carbon Wednesday night.

Mrs. Hannah Kenyon of Terre Haute came Thursday to visit her brother Mrs. W. P. Murphy and family.

Dr. and Mrs. Wood, Miss Heilman and Mrs. Sam Chadwick of near Reelsville were the guests Friday of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Dickerson.

Mrs. Foster L. Newton and children and children of Nakomis, Illinois returned home Monday after a short visit with Mrs. Newtons parents Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Dickerson.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dobson and son Kieth of Terre Haute returned home Sunday after a short visit with relatives here.

Miss Beulah Morlan is visiting relatives in Carbon this week.

Miss Harriet B. Welch went to Greencastle Sunday to visit friends.

The Methodist church gave a basket dinner Sunday in the school house lawn.

Mr. Bailey of Straughn came Wednesday to assist his son Rev. W. E. Bailey with the revival meeting.

Mr. Henry Stiles and Dr. Jay Stiles are visiting in Anderson this week.

Fred Cunningham, of Martinsville, a former DePauw University student, who is a member of the Cunningham Bros., firm building the State Cement highway on the National road was in Greencastle this afternoon.

Something's Going to Happen



FALL FESTIVAL IS POSSIBILITY IN GREENCASTLE

AMERICAN LEGION PROPOSES TO DISCUSS PUTTING ON BIG EVENT THIS FALL AT ITS MEETING NEXT FRIDAY EVENING

Greencastle Post No. 53 of the American Legion will hold a meeting of unusual importance in the club rooms on the West Side Friday evening. At this meeting the Legion will discuss the possibility of a Fall Festival and Gala Day for Greencastle and Putnam County people, to be held in this city some time in the latter part of September or first of October.

Tentative plans have been made by business men and members of the Legion for the entertainment of many people here this fall. One of the features of the festival under consideration is an immense War exhibit to be given in some downtown business room. Legion officers are anxious that every member of the post be present at the meeting Friday evening in order that some definite arrangements for the proposed gala day may be formulated.

The Legion is indebted to many Greencastle citizens and business men for the aid given the local post in the establishment of comfortable club rooms, and the ex soldiers are anxious to do something that will be of some benefit to the city and community from the standpoint of business as well as entertainment.

PUTNAM COUNTY POLKS OFF TO THE OIL FIELDS

A number of Putnam County people who are stock holders in the consolidated Oil Co., which owns 1,400 acres in leases near Princeton, Indiana, left in automobiles this morning at 7 o'clock for the oil fields to look over their property. The company now has ten or twelve producing wells. Among those who were in the party which left this morning for Princeton are Mr. and Mrs. Charley Hall and family Mr. and Mrs. Stroud Love, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar O'Hair, Orville Thomas, Lillian O'Hair, Mr. and Mrs. Lyeurgus Stoner, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Houck, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Howlett, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hillis Mr., and Mrs. James Stoops, and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hillis, and Mr. and Mrs. Abe Hillis.

Miss Lucille Aikens of St. Petersburg, Florida, is the guest of Mrs. Maude Bridges and Mrs. Hallie King.

SOMERSET

Telephone meeting at Brick Chapel Tuesday. It is to be hoped the lines will be looked after by telephone service has been rather unsatisfactory for the past several weeks.

The Nelson reunion will be held at Somerset next Sunday.

Miss Lilly Cully of Bainbridge visited Ruth Wells Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherrill Reeves of Columbus, Indiana visited with the former's sister Mrs. Herman Flint, Saturday night and Sunday. Mrs. Reeves staying over the forepart of the week for a longer visit.

Miss Sylvia Singleton has been visiting her sister Mrs. Earl O'Hair and family.

The members of the Eastern Star Lodge at Morton with their families enjoyed their annual picnic dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Earl O'Hair last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar O'Hair, C. K. Hall and family and several others from this vicinity made a trip to the Southern part of the state this week driving through in their machines.

Those going are interested in oil struck in that place.

Ben Pruitt and family have moved to Bainbridge in the Monnet property, which Mr. Pruitt recently purchased. Mrs. Pratt continues seriously ill. Mrs. Joan Glidewell is visiting relatives here this week.

Kieth O'Hair who spent the summer with his aunts in Dakota returned home last week.

Mark Woodworth recently received a broken shoulder by falling from a ladder while picking.

Mrs. M. E. Davis of Boyd, Montana is here for a visit with her mother Martha Ferrang and other relatives.

The Brown family reunion was held at the home of Roy Ferrang Sunday before last. About sixty relatives and a few friends attended. A good time was had by those present, the rain preventing a few from coming. Several were present from Indianapolis, Terre Haute, Ladoga, Bainbridge, Putnamville, and Reelsville.

FOUR WERE THERE SO COUNCIL MET

After weeks of effort to get enough councilmen to constitute a quorum to attend a council meeting, success was attained and on Tuesday night the council for the first time in weeks held a regular meeting.

Four councilmen—there are six in all—were present. Those who deserve to be placed on the honor roll for attending are J. P. Allen, Jr., Roy Abrams, Oscar Williams, and Asa Smith. The mayor, clerk, city attorney and marshal also were present.

In accordance with their usual custom the council met, passed a claim ordinance and adjourned. There was some talk of street repairs but because of the bankrupt condition of the city treasury no action for any repairs was taken.

AUTOS IN A HEAD-ON COLLISION

TWO MACHINES WRECKED AT THE MT. OLIVE CHURCH, 4 MILES SOUTH OF TOWN, MON. DAY AFTERNOON—STRANGER, DRIVING OVERLAND MACHINE, REFUSES TO GIVE HIS NAME

A Ford car driven by Mr. and Mrs. William Neese who live on the Stoner farm near Hamrick Station, and an Overland car, driven by a stranger, who refused to give his name, were wrecked at near 4 o'clock in a head on collision on the Manhattan road, 4 miles south of town. The machines met head on and each was badly damaged.

Mr. and Mrs. Neese were coming to Greencastle to take an interurban car to Terre Haute, where they had been called by the illness of a daughter. The car driven by the stranger was headed south. It is said that Neese was on his side of the road and that the accident was due to the careless driving of the stranger.

Although the man refused to give his name, the number of his license and his car were secured by the officers after the wrecked car was brought to Greencastle and taken to a local garage for repairs. The driver of the car left on a traction car for Terre Haute late Tuesday evening and stated that he would return this evening to get his car.

HOG SUPPLY SMALLER STEADY TO 25c HIGHER

Indianapolis receipts—Hogs 8,500, layovers from Tuesday, 600; cattle 900; calves 800; sheep 900.

The market for hogs was steady to 25c higher at the opening, with general sales from 10c to 15c higher. The top price in the early trading was \$15.70. Most of the light hogs sold in a range of \$15.60 to \$15.75, with practically all others at steady prices \$14.75 to \$15.50. Pigs went at \$15.50 down ocal buyers took about 3,500, outsiders 4,000.

In compliance of Miss Mary Burks and Miss Flossie Ake of Greencastle, Ind., who are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Burks of Fourteenth avenue east for the month Mrs. Fred A. Jordan of east Fourth street will entertain tomorrow afternoon at an attractive tea at her home. Sixteen guests will be present.—Duluth (Minn.) Exchange.

Sweet Smith of Cocoa, Fla., has joined his wife and children who are here the guest of Mrs. J. G. Dunbar for a week's visit. They will return to their home by auto.

HUNTING FOR DREAM HATS

Every Woman Feels That Some Day It Will Be Her Fortune to Discover One.

In the spring a woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—hats. Every woman feels that one day she will find the dream hat, a writer in the London Daily Mail states. It may be waiting just around the corner in some shop yet undiscovered. Or it may be that the quest will go on for weeks or months or years.

But one day she will find the hat which will make her life a roseate thing until it wears out or becomes old-fashioned. Under the brim of it her eyes will shine like stars. Her whole being will irradiate charm.

A decent balance at the bank gives a comfortable air of assurance to many men. Silk stockings—not the half-and-half sort—bring a blissful sense of well being to most women. But nothing can give the same poise as the dream hat. To wear it is to be a success.

"How well you are looking today!" your friends say.

You know that it is the hat. All the same, you are well. No one could be ill in the dream hat.

It conjures up thought of soft music, scents of flowers, shaded lights and the spring. What may not one accomplish in such a hat? What adventures may not happen!

The hat must be subtle in its conception. It must have enough color to bring out the light in your eyes, but not too much to deaden the color of your hair. The line must be good and accord with the contour of your face. Light and fanciful, there must be in it a hint of something a little provocative, a fantasy one could never associate with jet and bangles.

But where is the dream hat to be found? Ah! if one only knew! Some how, it still eludes one's search. Time is getting on. A hat you must have, and so you must be content with the second best.

ARCHERY HELD IN HONOR

Skill in Use of the Bow Was Fostered in Every Way in the Twelfth Century.

Archery in Scotland is as old as the day of William the Lion. The first mention of bows in the Statute book occurred in the latter part of the twelfth century. On skill in use of the bow the safety of Scotland had for so long rested, that in the reign of William the Lion an act was passed making it compulsory for every man between the ages of sixteen and sixty to have weapons of this description. In war each Bowman carried 16 heavy and eight light shafts. The principal weapon of offense of those bygone days has long since degenerated into a plaything.

The origin of the Royal Company of Archers, the king's bodyguard, is somewhat obscure, the first unsatisfactory record dating back no further than 1573. Some authorities claim the company was formed by James the First of Scotland, who chose a bodyguard for himself. The organization was permitted in 1575 to call itself "His Majesty's Company of Archers" and the first parade in full uniform was held on Leith Links on June 11, 1577. Queen Anne in 1704 granted the company a royal charter. Sir Walter Scott was a member of the organization.

In some parts of the world rodent-eating snakes are protected by law.

The mean annual temperature of the earth is 50 degrees Fahrenheit.

A codfish has been known to lay as many as 3,850,000 eggs at a spawning.

Church service will be held at Wesley Chapel next Sunday evening at 7:30 and Miss Ruth Myers of Greencastle will be the speaker. Miss Myers is connected with the Gary schools having a position in the week day school of religion. She will give her own personal observations and tell of the plans of the church to meet the needs of the large foreign population in the wonderful Calumet Region. Miss Edmon Steward of the deaconess work in Pueblo Colo., but now living in Fillmore, will preside at this meeting.

Mrs. Virgil Grimes will go to Cloverdale this evening to furnish the music for the Republican meeting which will be held this evening. The meeting will be addressed by Miss Dorothy Cunningham, State Chairman of the Republican Woman's Committee.

Mrs. C. W. Martin and daughters, Hoalin and Shirley are spending the day in Indianapolis.

Miss Gautier who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. James L. Randel left today for her home in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

MAJOR SHUTE WILL REMAIN AT UNIVERSITY

PRESIDENT GEORGE R. GROSE, OF DE PAUW UNIVERSITY SENDS MESSAGE FROM WASHINGTON INFORMING R. O. T. C. COMMANDER OF WAR DEPARTMENT ORDER

Major M. H. Shute, for the past year commander of the DePauw University R. O. T. C. department, will remain at DePauw for another year at least. This information reached Greencastle Tuesday night in a telegram from President George R. Grose, of DePauw, who went to Washington to use his influence with the war department heads in having an order taking Major Shute to Camp Bliss, Texas, countermanded.

Evidently President Grose was successful as a telegram stating that Major Shute would remain was received here.

The officer had confidently expected to remain at DePauw until about two weeks ago when he received an order which directed that he had been detailed to quartermaster service at Fort Bliss Texas. Immediately upon receipt of this order, the university officials got busy in an attempt to have the order rescinded.

ROTARIANS HAVE PLEASURE OF HEARING DR. MCCONNELL

The members of the Rotary Club had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Lincoln McConnell, one of the Central Community Chautauqua lecturers, who lectures at the Roachdale Chautauqua this evening at their noon luncheon today. Dr. McConnell was in Greencastle on his way to Roachdale and the club members were greatly pleased that they should be able to have him as their guest.

Dr. McConnell spoke briefly and interestingly on the "The Man Worth While." Beside Dr. McConnell, Miss Jean McDonald, another chautauqua entertainer, and Mrs. Clara Christoffer, Mrs. Anna Seales, Miss Berthe Wytinick and Leslie Canup, members of the Central Community Chautauqua office force, were guests of the luncheon. More than twenty five attended the luncheon today.

MAPLE HILL

Brother William Elmore is expected to be with the Church of Christ at Long Branch September 9th and will remain there until September 17. All are invited to come out and hear him.

Rupert Wright came to his home at L. M. Wrights Tuesday after an extended stay with his mother and brothers and sisters at Terre Haute.

John Gardner and wife were in Brazil from Saturday until Monday visiting Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn Dickey and sons.

We are having plenty of grain now which will help the corn and grass.

The threshing machine is in this community threshing oats and some wheat.

Sammy Dickey who has been with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Dickey will go to Brazil to school.

Walter Kirk is moving Jesse Ellis houses for him. He will move the house they now occupy south of the store and move the house Mr. Ellis bought of Carey Dillinger over there for their dwelling house.

Ross Thomas is visiting relatives in these parts reports his wife to be somewhat improved. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas went to Colorado last spring for the latter's health.

Roy Hood, who is employed in the Government Printing office in Washington, who has been here for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Hood, will leave the first of next week for Washington. Mr. Hood returned to Greencastle yesterday from St. Louis where he visited his brother for several days.

James L. Randel received a telegram today announcing the birth of a daughter, Alice Caroline, to Mr. and Mrs. Clyde L. Randel of Terre Haute. Both the daughter and the mother are doing fine according to the message.

HERALD

Entered as Second Class mail matter at the Greencastle, Ind., postoffice.

Charles J. Arnold, Proprietor
PUBLISHED EVERY AFTERNOON
Except Sunday at 17 and 19 S. Jackson Street, Greencastle, Ind.
TELEPHONE 65

Cards of Thanks.

Cards of Thanks are chargeable at a rate of 50c each.

Obituaries.

All obituaries are chargeable at the rate of \$1 for each obituary. Additional charge of 5c a line is made for all poetry.

PINE STUMPS WORTH MONEY

These Left in Cut-Over Lands Are in Demand—Yield Many Valuable Products.

Increased demand for naval stores and a slight falling off in the supply have together called attention to the value of the stumps left in the fields in cut-over lands of the south. A Washington letter of July 6 told of the result of investigation by Clement S. Ucker, vice president of the southern settlement and development organization in the South Atlantic states, from which he learned that the stumps left in the fields do not die with the cutting down of the tree, but, on the contrary, continue to draw from the soil sap rich with the elements of naval stores.

From these old stumps may be distilled some twenty or twenty-five different by-products, including rosin, turpentine, pine and other oils, acetate, tar, pitch, alcohol and others. By one process rosin and paper pulp may be procured. Other processes leave a residue of valuable charcoal. It seems that the destruction by fire of these stumps in the clearing up of the land is uneconomical. They can be sold for enough to pay for the clearing and leave a surplus, so that we may yet see manufacturers of naval stores bargaining with the owners of cut-over land for the stumps upon it and extracting them themselves.

GIVE COLOR TO LANDSCAPE

Though the Daisies Grow Like Weeds, They Have a Beauty Too Little Appreciated.

They lift their heads to heaven, seeking to mingle with the stars—millions of them, scattered in wild profusion over meadow and pasture land. Men walk on them, tramp them down—but they rise again, serene, confident, searching the light which gives them life.

Daisies! Our fields are full of them. From afar their white heads give color to the landscape. Their yellow-centered blossoms, blown by the wind, wave obedience to the day and, by their graceful beckoning, invite us to take them home.

Daisies! Our empty vases call for them; our umbrella stands, our jardinières, yearn for their beautiful blooms. And they are so near to us, so easy to get, that it seems a pity to waste their beauty in an unfrequented field.

Get them for the house, for the office, for wear. Even though like weeds they grow, God's love shines from their faces and blesses the corner they fill. —Toledo Blade.

Huns Polluted Interned Ships.

The condition of the interned ships, after their German custodians had left, was something indescribable; they reflected great discredit upon German seamanship, for it would have been impossible for any people which really loved ships to permit them to deteriorate as had these vessels and to become such cesspools of filth, says Rear Admiral William S. Sims in the World's Work for July.

For three years the Germans had evidently made no attempt to clean them; the sanitary conditions were so bad that our workmen could not sleep on board, but had to have sleeping quarters near the docks; they spent weeks scrubbing, scraping and disinfecting, in a finally successful effort to make the ships suitable habitations for human beings.

Has Never Seen His Country.

The only United States marine in the world who has never seen the United States is on duty at the American legation in Peking, China. He is Private C. W. F. Childress, who was born of American parents in China. When he became of age a few weeks ago he decided to join the marines and enlisted at the legation.

Childress is a tall, good-looking young man who can speak the Chinese language like a native. His services as an interpreter are especially valuable to the marines. Through association with his parents and other American residents of China he is thoroughly familiar with the traditions and customs of the United States. He is looking forward to the day when he will see the country whose flag he serves.

White Mule.

Dixon H. Bynum, assistant city attorney, comes forward with an explanation as to how "white mule" got its name. Mr. Bynum, who did government legal work in the southwest, says that the term came into use in connection with the efforts of the government officials to stop the traffic of liquor among the Indians.

LIGHTNING

By CORONA REMINGTON.

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"I'll never get over it—I'll never get over it! What's the use of trying to cure me?"

Corinne Benton turned her young face to the wall and indulged in another delicious bout of weeping. Doctor Westover sat patiently at her bedside until the storm was over. Then he tried to reason with her.

"I'm older than you are, my child, and my experience has proved that most young people run onto the shoals in their first love affair, and ordinarily they get over it with surprising rapidity."

"As to trying to cure you, you have nothing the matter but a little attack of nerves, and a few months of good hard work will straighten them out; so tomorrow we're going to see about taking a business course. I've talked it all over with your parents and they approve most heartily."

Corinne tried to petrify the doctor with one horrible look, but if he was in the least affected he showed no signs and a minute later gave his patient a hearty handshake and left the room whistling. Indeed, so unimpressed did he appear that the girl began to fear that her features had failed to register the unspeakable disgust she had felt for anyone so hopelessly flippant and heartless. She must be developing facial paralysis or something, she decided.

"All ready?" said the doctor to Corinne a few days later. "We're going down to start that business course this morning. I have a young protégé that graduates in medicine this June. He'll be needing an efficient girl around the office, so I'll engage you right now for him. Let's get busy."

"You're a perfect brute, and I just hate you!" Corinne flung the energy to stamp her foot with emphasis.

"I guess I can hear up under that, too," said the doctor with unruffled good nature.

It was a hard fight, but Westover finally won, and as the days went by Corinne was disgusted to notice the return of color to her cheeks. At any rate she thought she would never get over the love tragedy, even if going out in the open did make her look healthy again—diseased bodies are curable, but never a crushed soul! As she improved, Doctor Westover saw less and less of his pretty, impetuous little patient.

"You're looking fine!" he would tell her heartily.

"But I'll never get over it," she would always reply. "I'll never love another man."

The doctor would smile to himself as he passed on, but Corinne knew nothing of this—old folks have a right to keep a few secrets to themselves. With June came the zealous young Doctor Mann and the girl was duly installed. He was a big six-foot man who dressed well, spoke rapidly and had a lightning smile which he flashed with frequency and impartiality on all living things. He loved life, he loved people and he was possessed of a keen sympathy.

Naturally, the patients did not flock to his doors immediately, and both the young people had plenty of time on their hands. Corinne read a great deal and dabbled at fancywork, but the doctor had read himself almost into a frenzy for six long years and fancywork was not in his line, so things were decidedly slow for him.

"I say, Miss Benton," he exclaimed one morning, appearing from the inner office. "It's dull as blazes today. Couldn't we go into my consulting room and have a game of checkers?" He looked almost sheepish and very boyish as he stood before Corinne.

"I guess so," she answered, rising. "But I'll never forget him," she declared loyally to herself as she glanced at the lightning smile.

They played checkers a great deal that summer, those two. To be sure, his practice grew steadily, but there were still many hours unfilled, and the young man's mania for checkers became more acute the more he played. It even reached the point where they would get so absorbed that they would fail to keep an ear open for patients in the outer room, and one day they kept Mrs. Conington Flasher waiting nearly an hour, as she testily informed them when they finally appeared.

"My dear madam," the doctor said suavely, "I'm sorry that you had to wait, but we were attending to an important matter."

That same evening—it was December then—Doctor Westover ran right into his little ex-patient as he started homeward. "Hello there!" he greeted. "Haven't seen you in a coon's age. How are you getting along with Mann?"

"Oh, all right; but I'll never forget him," she ended in her usual way. "Forget whom?" asked the doctor.

"You know," replied the girl in injured tones.

"Oh, that other chap," said Westover, appearing to remember. "That's a fact—I'll have to give Mann a hint, because I believe he's beginning to care for you, and it'd be a darn shame to let the poor fellow chase a rain-bow."

"No, no! Don't you ever dare!" exclaimed the girl tensely.

"Why not, I'd like to know?"

"Because—because it's none of his business," she ended weakly.

"Oh, all right," said Doctor Westover as he smiled to himself in the dark.

JEAN'S TEA ROOM

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

(©, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Jean Webb leaned against the gate post and looked up at the quaint old house where she had been born, and which was the birthplace of her mother and her grandmother. The three of them lived alone there with a tiny income from Jean's school teaching, with the old house almost falling down for need of repairs, and with a tangled old garden which had no one to take care of it.

Grandmother was old and feeble and Mrs. Webb was not strong. When Jean came home from teaching her sturdy youngsters were tired and there was always housework to do, so the old house and garden were neglected.

"If I could only sell it," sighed Jean. "For a good sum of money, then," she smiled and brushed away a tear. "Then mother and grandmother would die of homesickness! Well, we'll keep it—somehow, all together!"

She turned as a motorcar slowed at the gate. A smartly uniformed chauffeur touched his cap and opened the door of the car.

An elderly woman with gray hair and soft appealing eyes smiled graciously on the slender girl at the gate. "I beg your pardon—can you tell me if there is a tea room nearby?" she queried. "We have had a breakdown and it is long past luncheon hour."

Jean hesitated. With the woman's question an idea flashed into her head—perhaps this might be the golden opportunity knocking at her gate. If there was a demand for tea rooms—why not supply it?

In a few moments three ladies were sitting in the comfortable chairs in the green gloom of the honeysuckle vines, exclaiming over the roses that Jean brought them and the pure chalcids of the fragrant day lilies. Then Jean disappeared for a period to return with pink slices of ham laid on crisp lettuce leaves, delicious balls of cream cheese, a pot of home-made jam, a simple salad and dainty bread and butter sandwiches—these and a pot of tea Jean placed before the ladies and then went away and left them alone.

When she came back they were so generous in their praise of the unexpected hospitality—so eager for Jean to open a tea room there.

"You are so near the post road, my dear—all you need is a few tables on the veranda and your own beautiful things—your cooking is delicious—let me have a sign painted for you!" urged Mrs. Delbridge, the owner of the car and the hostess of the party.

"You are too kind," protested Jean. "I shall send my son out next week and I may come with him—it is vacation now and you will have plenty of time. Beware! We shall send all our friends!" They laughingly drove away, their arms full of flowers, and it was not until they had disappeared that Jean remembered that she had not asked for a check and she had not thought to charge them!

"A poor business woman am I," she murmured wryly as she cleared the table. Then she found a five-dollar bill pinned to the damask cloth and she danced into the house waving it exultantly.

"Exit Jean the schoolmarm and enter Jean the keeper of the tea shop—and weeder of her garden once more. Hurrah!"

A week later a small gray car stopped at the gate and Jean, who was enthusiastically weeding the gravelled walk between the rows of fragrant boxwood, thought of her grubby fingers and mumbled blue frock. "It must be Mrs. Delbridge's son," she thought as she went to the gate. In one hand he carried two rustic swinging signs and with the other he uncovered his handsome head.

"Is this the Wayside tea room?" he asked with twinkling eyes.

"Why—no?" hesitated Jean. "I am afraid it is—or it is going to be!" He grinned as he displayed the signs.

Sure enough—framed in rustic were the magic words: "THE WAYSIDE TEA ROOM" and one corner of the sign was lengthened into a pointing finger.

"How kind of Mrs. Delbridge," cried Jean ecstatically.

"One is for your veranda and the other to hang from some tree down the road—a guide. Mother said you would know the tree."

"The old locust at the corner," explained Jean.

"I will hang it for you," declared Phil Delbridge, and from the tool kit in the car he brought the necessary tools and presently the quaint sign was swinging in the soft wind. Afterward Phil hung the other sign over the front while Mrs. Webb and Jean prepared a high tea in the veranda. There was fresh strawberry shortcake and plenty of cream and other delicious viands, for the Webbs were famous housewives.

Phil lingered on the front steps with Jean. A whippoorwill was singing in the orchard and the roses were heavy with fragrance.

"I shall come again—and again!" promised Phil, releasing Jean's fluttering fingers.

"Do come," said Jean in a small voice; and her tone might have discouraged Phil Delbridge had he not read her eyes. He felt that while Jean's tea room might be the beginning of the story, the ending of the story must come only when beautiful Jean belonged to him.

DAWNIE

By MARY HELFANT.

(©, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Young Jim standing opened his eyes, yawned and stretched his long, healthy body leisurely. He turned over on the other side, his sleepy eyes falling on the clock.

"Good night!" he gasped in dismay. Fully awake now he jumped out of bed, and pulled back the blinds. He groaned aloud as the room was flooded with the mild sunshine of an early spring forenoon.

Young Jim's thoughts were bitter as he hastily splashed in the cold tub. As he dressed his thoughts grew more bitter.

"A fine excuse I have to offer Dawnie for not turning up. Poor kid, how disappointed she must have been! After all her planning, too. She may break off for this." The last thought proved too much for poor Jim's peace of mind, and cupping his black coffee without tasting it he dashed off to Dawnie's home.

On the way he tried to think of some excuse less humiliating than the truth.

Young Jim was engaged to little Dawnie Cricklin, a lovely blonde young person to whom life was one sweet romance. She was not a giddy, young butterfly for she could cook and sew and keep house very nicely. Her old-fashioned mother had seen to that. Dawn's small head under the crinkly, baby-gold curls held a clever little brain. But Dawnie had to have romance. When life offered none she would create it. She had known and loved Jim always, as she would naively tell you. But she would have preferred her parents to disapprove of the clever young architect, for then their courtship would have had many thrills. It would have been so jolly to have had to meet Jim on the sly! But alas! Jim was as welcome in the Cricklin home as Dawn herself.

So Dawn made up all manner of stunts for Jim to go through with, Jim agreed to "clandestine" meetings and hurried partings with tolerant good-nature.

"It amuses Dawnie and it does no harm," he would say.

Jim had balked at Dawnie's last scheme, though in the end he gave in as usual.

"Let's elope!" she had coaxed in her prettiest way. "Weddings are so dull and commonplace. What a lark it would be!"

"But we can have the wedding at home," Jim protested.

"Silly!" Dawn rebuked, kissing him as only Dawn could. "We want to steal off in the 'dead of night' just as if father would really pursue us."

And so Jim, feeling rather foolish, gave in. They agreed that about two o'clock Sunday morning was the best time. Jim was to leave his roadster a block from the Cricklin home, and Dawn would wait for him in her room. Her room was on the second floor overlooking the garden, so she could have all the romance she craved, even to the proverbial ladder.

And at the last moment Jim had failed her for the most prosaic of reasons. He had worked hard all week on some important plans. Saturday afternoon he took Dawn to a matinee. That evening he worked with his partner on an important hurry plan. About ten he had gone to his room, packed his suitcase and lain down to rest. The next thing he remembered was awakening in broad daylight.

Small wonder then that Jim's feet lagged as he came within sight of Dawn's home. He had nothing to say but the truth, and he could not say that.

With a grim smile he climbed the steps of the Cricklins' front porch. "What the—" he stammered as the front door flew open and a lovely vision in pink silk and laces threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, Jim," the vision cried between kisses, "you aren't angry with me, are you, dear? I am so sorry I kept you waiting in the damp old garden. You will forgive me, won't you, dear, when I explain?"

"Yes, dear, of course," Jim assured her dazedly.

"Oh, I'm so relieved. You see, at the last moment I thought it would be more romantic if I pretended we had been discovered. My cruel parents (Jim smiled at this, even in his bewilderment) forced me to stay a prisoner in Aunt Jane's room. I pretended I had a toothache, so wanted to stay with auntie. It was great fun, but I'm sorry for you, Jimmy. Say you don't mind." Dawnie paused to catch her breath, her eyes dark with pleading.

Young Jim breathed a fervent prayer of thanksgiving and aloud said, with an air of gracious generosity:

"Yes, I forgive you, but you must never give me another such scare."

Youth and Age.

Youth under restraint is unreasonable. It feels that it has a perfect right to do the thing it wants to, no matter what may be the circumstances that would advise otherwise. Youth chafes with little occasion and can't understand why its elders always want evidences of success before giving unqualified indorsement to youth's rosy dreams. As the years go by youth will learn that many desirable things have to be waited for. Things worth while are not of mushroom growth. And above all things it will learn that one never gains by giving way to unreasonable complaints and restive chaffings.

SNAP-SHOTS

By MILDRED WHITE.

(©, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

Jimmie liked Nan; which is not to say that he loved Nan. This might have happened had it not been for the coming of the one girl. There is always a "one girl," and after Jim had met his the others were mere human beings. But even if he had loved Nan, she was kept so very busy with dozens of other friendly young men, and half-dozen of deeply friendly girls, that she might not have been able to bother with him at all. "Everybody" loved Nan, she was everybody's friend, so constantly concerned with their affairs, as she ingeniously said, that she "hadn't time to think of her own." You could tell Nan all your perplexities and she would listen with a really "I do feel so for you," expression instead of gazing abstractedly ahead while you were speaking. And Nan would feel for you, to the extent of earnestly studying ways out of your difficulty. So when Jim encountered the most serious difficulty of his life, in Violet's disfavor, he went at once, deep in the depths of his disappointment, to Nan.

"Well?" said Nan.

"It's Violet," he exploded. "She's as good as broken our engagement, because of a fool snap-shot which a mutual friend was kind enough to pass along to her."

"Snap-shot, I take it," Nan said slowly, "being yourself and—?"

"Yes," Jimmie nodded, "and a girl. You see, it was just after I had met Violet and she had every reason to believe that I thought her the only girl, which I did. And she—enough to drop all the other fellows. I happened to go out to Fredericks' on the lake shore, for over Sunday—you know Dan Fredericks? He lured me out for the fishing. And at their bungalow was a girl from Kansas City. She was a little coquette, and had been having a mighty dull time with only Dan's folks for company, but she wanted to impress the girls back home otherwise, and have certain tales of far conquests circulated around among her Kansas City admirers. So it entered her rattle-brain to get Dan I to have our pictures taken with her separately."

"I see," said Nan. "And Violet is seriously angry?"

"She says," Jimmie replied as if repeating a lesson, "that she could not conceive of herself pictured in that position under any circumstances. So she can't make allowance for me."

Nan gave Jim's despondent head a sisterly pat.

"Quit worrying, boy," she comforted, "and go home to sleep."

Sleep, however, was far from Jim's pillow, and when upon the next day, and the next, he passed Violet on her veranda, and was vouchsafed but a cool bow, his despair became almost suicidal. The letters of abject longing received from her no reply. Nan, too, had failed him, he feared, when upon his homeward way one evening he saw among the guests at a garden party on her lawn, Violet herself, in company with Nan's dashing brother. Thereafter, Jimmie decided to conceal his heart ache and avoid both girls. During the week of avoidance he actually grew pale of cheek and dull of eye, and it was Nan herself who was obliged at last to seek him out. Her cheery face showed for a moment through Jim's half open office door, as he bent dejectedly over his desk. "Can't come in," Nan explained. "Just stopped to leave a message, or rather, to give you a bit of advice. I'd go past Violet's house on my way home tonight, if I were you, Jimmie." She went on hastily, "and I would walk very slowly."

"Violet has not spoken to me," he answered with dignity, "since the night we parted."

"She will now," Nan replied—and was gone. Jim didn't wait until closing time; he grabbed his hat from its nail and started Violetward. From a distance he viewed her upon the veranda. Could it be possible that she was expecting—or hoping for his chance passing?

"Jimmie, Oh! please come here," she begged, and when wondering, but eager, he ascended the veranda steps, Violet, aglow with embarrassment and apology, laid before him a little photograph.

"Of course," she said, "you have seen this hateful thing. Nan told me that she did not know whether her brother had showed it to you or not, but undoubtedly he would; he loves a joke."

Jim examined the tremblingly offered picture. It was Violet, seated upon a garden bench on Nan's lawn. Her head rested upon the shoulder of Nan's brother—his arm entwined about her.

"Nan snapped the thing," Violet tearfully explained. "I really couldn't help it, Jimmie. There was I, on the bench at Nan's lawn party, when her brother dropped beside me, and he just jammed my head against his shoulder as Nan aimed the camera. I hate Nan's brother. And Oh, Jimmie, I hope you understand. And I've been thinking, maybe it was that way with you—" Violet choked—"your picture and that other girl. Maybe you didn't plan it either, Jimmie." Violet nestled closer.

"It was horrid of Nan to do it," she said.

Jim grinned. "Nan is all right," he answered softly.

Workmen Wanted

Twenty five laborers wanted for permanent, all year work.

Indiana Portland Cement Co.

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Don't Scold the Children

for wearing holes in their stockings at play. Rumping play is good for them—let them romp. But put stockings on them that are "wear insured". Put them in

ARMOR PLATE Hosiery

which is made of the best and strongest yarns obtainable—knit to shape and size exactly—and dyed with Harms-Not Dye (which absolutely does not rot, burn or weaken the yarn). You'll buy Armor Plate stockings again and again because in service they keep their shape and color, fit snug and "wear like armor plate". And they're "perfect in weave, wear and wash."

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HORSE THAN LIGHTED CIGAR

Overwrite, After Carefully Igniting it, Absentmindedly Put the Fire-cracker in His Mouth.

As a result of absent-mindedness in the Fourth of July celebrating, Oslip Malinski, 32, of West Denver lost several teeth and is carrying his face in a sling.

Oslip stood on the corner, smoking a cigar and watching with interest the youngsters shoot off their explosives. Suddenly a desire to be young, real young, once more assailed him, and, walking up to a nearby booth, he purchased a whole fistful of firecrackers, stepping to the edge of the curb, he cautiously applied the end of his lighted cigar to the fuse of one of the crackers. A spatter and a volley of sparks announced that the noise was on the way. Then Oslip's mentality failed to function properly. With a jerk he moved to the edge of the curb, and, as he stepped, he jammed the end of the firecracker into his mouth. A terrific crash, which disengaged a front tooth and bespattered his face with powder burns, brought Oslip to the conclusion that all was not just as it should be. He made a run for the nearest drug store, and he emerged a few moments later reeking with the fumes of iodine and his face and neck swathed in bandages, and he looked much like an accident that had gone somewhere to happen and, apparently, had been a success. — Denver Times.

TOO MANY HUMAN "ISLANDS"

Lack Power of Expression to Communicate Thoughts So That Others Can Understand.

You are a human island. If you cannot express your thoughts so others can understand them, says Ruth Jocelyn Wattles of the Colorado agricultural college. If your mood is one of appreciation of grandeur and beauty, and yet say, "Gee, ain't it gorgeous?" If in gazing at the Grand canyon, you say, "Ain't it cute?" you are not in communication with your fellows; you are an island, a man entirely surrounded by men, but not in connection with them.

In speaking to a group of students, she discussed, "that combination of proteins, albumens and other food substances which scientists have determined is the most conducive to health and vigor," your connection is poor. Say "chow" or "mess" if your words are to be understood.

If you have no adjective but "awful" to apply to a dinner, a mountain, a hat, an accident, the new styles, the European war, your words are down, and cannot express thoughts on all these subjects to your fellow humans by use of the one word "awful." If you use only adjective, keep quiet; your silence may indicate an appreciation which your one adjective fails to express.

Are your wires down? Are you an island?

Will Not Let Women Pay.

U. S. men are hopelessly old-fashioned. The 50-50 idea, that is, that a man pay for half the treats, which was started recently in an eastern university, did not appeal to them when it was discussed the other day.

A woman may work and by her efforts earn as much as a man, but if she pay for one-half the treats she is away the divine right of man, and has it.

It was not the only thing that interested them. A man must shoulder responsibility through life so it is well for him to start early. The idea of a woman of women extends even to the fact for the sundries she consumes.

It was the general opinion that if a woman would realize that the resources of most men are not unlimited, there would not be any occasion for thinking about this matter. — Summer Session, Kansas.

Porcelain Money.

A new element may be introduced into the field of numismatics by the proposal to issue porcelain money throughout Germany. With this purpose in view, a Meissen porcelain factory has already manufactured specimens of coins ranging from 10 pfennigs to 1 mark pieces. How successful the proposal will be remains to be seen. Its adoption would mark an interesting breach with the traditional use of gold, silver, and bronze; and well-known formulae, A. A. R. and of the catalogues would have to be eliminated. Apart from the occasional employment of electrum, billon, brass, and pewter, iron in the Peloponnese and glass for coin weights, the three established metals, in their varying forms, have rarely been challenged.

Modern Tanning Inferior.

Commenting on an article by Robert Merritt on the tanning of leather, Scientific American says: "The modern art of tanning falls short of standards set in days gone by. It takes two years to convert raw hide into marketable leather; the modern tanner thinks that he is well off if he devotes five months to the process. No chemical process has been developed of speeding up the process without detracting from the quality of the product."

Overworking a Proverb.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is a proverb?"

"A proverb, my son, is a man who runs across the proverb, 'Make hay while the sun shines' and overworks it."

HOOSIERS RALLY TO COX LEAGUE STAND

Ohio Governor's Appeal to Voters to Drop Party Lines Meets with Favorable Response Throughout State.

CALLS IT GREAT CRUSADE

Indianapolis, Ind.—The reflex of Governor Cox's speech at South Bend Thursday night, when he formally opened the Democratic campaign in Indiana, shows that he made a deep and favorable impression not alone on members of his own party, but also on the independent voters. Reports are coming into the capital showing that the governor's plea to place the league of nations issue above a partisan basis is meeting a generous response throughout the state, the movement being accentuated by scores of Republicans breaking party ties in order to support the Hoosier in his fight to consummate an honorable peace.

A Religious Movement.

Indications are that Governor Cox spoke with prophetic vision when he said the campaign would "take on the fervor of a religious movement," for observations made in various parts of Indiana, as well as reports from other states, show that the American people, regardless of party fealty, are rallying around him for the sake of safeguarding the covenant. His solemn request for the members of both parties to weigh the question in the balance before voting and to then cast their ballots as their conscience dictates has created a profound impression everywhere.

The governor has drawn a careful line of distinction between the rank and file of the Republican party and the senatorial cabal and in his address called on the Republicans to cast off the shackles imposed on them by the senate oligarchy.

"When I speak of the Republican party I speak of the leaders," he said. "They are the same men who wrecked the party in 1912 and they do not seem to have learned their lesson."

He is making an especial appeal to the progressive elements in America and shows conclusively that he represents progress while the old guard "has its eyes to the setting sun."

Worsts Heckler in Crowd.

Cox displays absolute mastery on the platform. He is never at a loss for words and he hurled epigrammatic phrases at his audience with startling suddenness. For instance, while addressing the open air meeting at South Bend he badly worsted a heckler amid the plaudits of the huge crowd.

The governor declared for the federal regulation of the packing industry in order to limit the period in which foodstuffs can be kept in cold storage. Some one in the audience asked why President Wilson had not done that.

Pointing his finger at the man Cox shouted:

"Because the party to which you belong has been in control of congress for the past two years."

He gladly accepted the challenge presented when the Republicans repudiated the league of nations and took their stand for a separate peace with Germany. He described as falsifiers those who declare the covenant would take the war making powers from the hands of congress and place it in a super-government across the seas and labelled the Republican efforts to pervert the meaning of the pact as "pure moonshine." His pledge to bring about disarmament under the league with a consequent reduction in taxation, and an illustration of the arbitration features of the covenant evoked prolonged cheers from the audience.

Praises League to Top.

Opinion sounded in the wake of the Cox speech shows that he has raised the covenant issue from the depths of misrepresentation where it was sent by Republican propaganda to the supreme issue of the hour. His incontrovertible facts and his willingness to declare from the platform that the old guard statements "are not predicated on truth" has had a telling effect.

The South Bend meeting was held in a tabernacle that had been erected for an evangelist. Cox, glancing about the structure and noting its design, said:

"I am glad to start my campaign in a tabernacle. This is a great crusade," and then, turning to the crowd, he said: "I would like to ask Henry Cabot Lodge one question in all reverence:

"What would Christ himself say of the League of Nations? Why, the angel that announced his coming sang, 'Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men.'"

LONG LACE-MAKING CENTER

Since 1665 Ypres Has Been Celebrated for the Excellence of Its Manufactures.

It was in 1665 that the manufacture of lace, now known as Valenciennes, was begun at Ypres, and with other cities and towns and hamlets in Flanders the clack of the bobbins and the chatter of the lace-makers may once more be heard. Many a little village is re-establishing its industry and is finding as ready a market as it did before the war. Flemish laces have always been favorites in England from the time when Henry VIII in 1546 made a present of "kerchiefs fringed with Flemish work" to "his verrie deare wife," Catherine Parr. Lace making was part of the education of women in the Low Countries in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and Charles V ordered it to be taught in the schools, but in 1660 it was not only a flourishing industry in Belgium but, with the approval of Louis XIV, a Manufacture Royal de Dentelles was founded, and lace-makers from Flanders were brought to France, as Flemish lace was even more sought after than Italian lace. It was at this time that some of the most famous "points" first appeared and were developed. The "point de Bruxelles," which is made with the needle, and "Rhinoc" lace, the queen of all pillow lace, as well as "point d'Angleterre," in which pillow and needlework are mingled, all enhanced the reputation of the Flemish designers.

RABBIT PELTS IN DEMAND

Country Boys Have Opportunity to Make Some Money During the Coming Winter Months.

In recent years several kinds of fur, formerly of so little value as to offer no inducement to the trapper, have increased in price, and consequently collecting them has been made profitable.

Rabbit pelts, which are extensively used by hat makers, are among these products. Formerly rabbit skins were of virtually no value; country boys who eagerly sought the fair of the skunk and the raccoon and who were even able to sell squirrel skins, thought so little of the rabbit and made so little effort to dispose of the skins that they were seldom used except to form a pad on which they "knuckled down" in the marble game.

Now, however, rabbit skins are worth something, and the country boy who will devote this winter to saving and marketing the skins of the rabbits he kills should make a comfortable sum of money.

One big eastern firm has announced that it will need 10,000,000 rabbit skins. The skins are usually sold by the pound, which will contain seven or eight skins.

Bret Harte Slapped Him.

The man who knew Bret Harte was discovered in the lobby the other morning. "I was a devil in the shop where the Overland Monthly was printed," he began, after being identified as James H. Barry, editor of the Star, San Francisco's only Democratic paper. "Bret Harte was employed in the night. He sent over the manuscript of 'The Luck of Roaring Camp' and they finally decided to print it despite the objection of a sensitive lady proofreader. Some how the proofs had to be pulled in a hurry, and the only ink available at the moment was blue. I carried the blue proofs over to Harte. He said: 'What the hell is this blue ink for? I can't read it. Haven't they got any black?'"

"I was too scared to make any explanation and I got the usual reprimand administered to printers' devils in those days. Harte reached over and slapped my face. I always hated him after that." — Sun and New York Herald.

Find a 12-Pound Nugget.

A nugget of almost pure gold, weighing 12 pounds, was recently discovered near the Charters Tower mine in Queensland, Australia. For years the Towers of Queensland, which up to the seventies was a desolate tract, too poor and sooty for sheep, has boasted a premier position among Australian gold fields. Levels are worked at a depth of nearly half a mile. This particular find is worth \$4,000. A 12-pound nugget is no record; but in most nuggets all is not gold that glitters; a 12-pounder of "almost pure gold" is rare. The world's record nugget came from Ballarat in 1858—2217 ounces, worth \$5,000.

Rail-Creep on Railroad Bridges.

The chief engineer of the Madras railway has something to say regarding rail-creep on railway bridges in India. In a recent issue of Indian Engineering. In the case of the Godavari bridge, where the creep amounted to as much as three to four feet a year, a special cast-iron sleeper was designed to suit the 75-pound flat-footed rail, with a jaw large enough to receive a lock-fast steel key. This reduced the creep to insignificance, and generally the author is confirmed in the conclusion reached by him in 1887 that "creep" can only be remedied by effective anchorage.—Scientific American.

Japan's Shipbuilding Future.

"Japan will take the greatest place in ship construction of the future," says Lord Pirrie, world-famed shipbuilder; "her labor is cheap, she can obtain plenty of steel and her coal reserves are almost inexhaustible."

LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. C. C. Hurst and niece, Miss Phoebe Conley left today for California, where Miss Conley will attend the University of lower California this winter.

Prof. and Mrs. Thomas Harris, who have been here this summer the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Shafer left today for Baldwin, Kansas, where Prof. Harris is a member of the faculty of Baker University.

S. C. Prevo and Gordon Prevo have gone to Texas where Mr. Prevo will look after his farming interests.

Isaac S. Newgent, age 86, who resides at Brockton, Ill., will come to Putnam County next week for a visit and will attend the annual Newgent family reunion to be held, Sunday September 12, at the home of George Newgent in Clinton township. Isaac Newgent is the oldest living member of the Newgent family. He formerly resided in this county, having moved from Clinton township to Illinois about 41 years ago. Besides having the oldest member of the family present it is hoped that the youngest member, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Newgent of this city, who will be in his fifth week, will be able to attend the reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Broadstreet have returned from Plymouth, Ind., where they motored for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. James Vermillion and daughter, Miss Hazel.

Mrs. Jesse Grogan and daughter, Miss Gessiquin left this morning for Youngstown, Ohio, where they will visit relatives for several days.

Mrs. Emmet Green and mother, Mrs. Kate Steeg, and nephew, Morris Steeg, motored to Indianapolis today and spent the day.

Miss Vivian Godwin has returned to her work at the Prevo Store after a vacation spent with friends and relatives in Franklin.

Mrs. Dorothy Munson of Boston, Mass., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Harris.

The Misses Gladys and Esther Miller of Brazil returned home after a week's visit with their grandparents Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Williams. Miss Louie Williams accompanied them home.

Mrs. George Stalop and sons Howard and Abel and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Underwood and family of Brazil visited relatives here Sunday.

Indianapolis this morning to spend the day with Claire Bittles, who is very ill in the Methodist hospital.

Miss Virginia Black spent Tuesday in Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bittles went to day in Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hirt and family have gone to Vicksburg, Miss., to spend the winter.

Mrs. Gertrude Williamson spent Tuesday in Indianapolis.

Mrs. A. B. Lockridge went to Chicago today for a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. George Carrington.

Ed. Rogers and son Donald Rogers and daughter Miss Mary will leave on Thursday for Newcastle, Ind., where they will make their home.

Howard Barnaby left on Tuesday night for Los Angeles, Calif., where he will enter the University of Southern California for the college year.

HERALD WANT ADDS PAY

BACK BAD TODAY?

Backache is usually kidney ache and makes you dull, nervous and tired. Use Doan's Kidney Pills for weak kidneys, the remedy recommended by your friends and neighbors. Ask your neighbor!

Orda Rice, conductor, Spring & Franklin streets, Greencastle says: "I very gladly endorse Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone who has trouble with backache. The continual jolting of the car is hard on the back when standing so many hours. There has been times when my back ached so I thought I could not finish my trip. I have found that Doan's Kidney Pills will strengthen the back and eliminate the trouble. Whenever my back hurts me I take a few of Doan's Kidney Pills and I am soon all right."

Prices 60c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Rice had. Foster Milburn Co., Mrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Ollie Kelley will leave today for Arizona where she will visit her daughter, Mrs. Ray Orr and Mr. Orr.

Work at laying the cement floor in the balcony of the Opera House has started.

Schools will begin September 6th.



Back Again DOYLE
Dramatic Company
In All New Plays
One Week Beginning
August 30th
Next to Grand Central Hotel
Monday Night
"The Country Boy"
Prices 25 and 35 cents
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LOST:—Army Officers cravatette rain coat. Call phone 20.

We come after all Junk and Poul, try. Phone 175.
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WANTED: Married man to work on farm, by day or month. O. M. Thomas Bainbridge, Indiana. R. R. No. 1.

FARM LOANS—Plenty of money Brown & Moffett.

Architect, Contractor and Landscape Gardening. W. H. Evans, Greencastle, Indiana.

Mr. Vaughn Farmer, Tells How He Lost All His Prize Seed Corn

"Some time ago sent away for some pedigreed seed corn. Put it in a gunny sack and hung it on a rope suspended from roof. Rats got it all—how beats me, but they did it because I got 5 dead whoppers in the morning after trying RAT SNAP."

Three sizes, 35c, 65c, \$1.00. Sold and guaranteed by John Cook & Son, J. Sudranski & Co. R. P. Mullins.

PUBLIC SALES:—We are now booking fall sales. See us early for your date. Dobbs & Vestal, Office over Central Nat'l Bank. Residence phones 168 & 771. Office Phone 179.

Why People Buy Rat Snap in Preference To Rat Poison

(1) RAT SNAP absolutely kills rats and mice. (2) What it doesn't kill it scares away. (3) Rats killed with RAT SNAP leave no smell, they dry up inside. (4) Made in cakes, no mixing with other foods. (5) Cats or dogs won't touch it. Three sizes, 35c, 65c, \$1.00. Sold and guaranteed by John Cook & Son, J. Sudranski & Co., R. P. Mullins.

"Rat-Snap Beats the Best Trap Ever Made," Mrs. Emily Shaw Says.

"My husband bought \$2. trap. I bought a 50c box of RAT SNAP. The trap only caught 3 rats but RAT SNAP killed 12 in a week. I'm never without RAT SNAP. Reckon I could n't raise chicks without it." RAT-SNAP comes in cakes. Three sizes, 35c, 65c, \$1.00 and guaranteed by John Cook & Son, J. Sudranski Co., R. P. Mullins.

"Why I Put Up With Rats For Years" Writes N. Windsor, Farmer.

"Years ago I bought some rat poison which nearly killed our fine watchdog. It so scared us that we suffered a long time with rats until my neighbor told me about RAT SNAP. That's the sure rat killer and a safe one." Three sizes 35c, 65c, \$1.00. Sold and guaranteed by John Cook & Son, J. Sudranski Co., R. P. Mullins.

FOR SALE:—Fancy Egg Plant, Man goes, and tomatoes at John Eitel & Son. Office closed all day Sundays.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday

Pure Cane Granulated Sugar	17c
Large Round White Potatoes per Sweet Potatoes per lb.07c
peck 15 lbs.60c
Peanut Butter, per lb.38c
Fancy Head Rice 2 lbs.25c
Oats 2 boxes25c
Bulk Coffee, per lb.18c
Crystal Coffee30c
Farmer's Pride Coffee35c
Extra Good Brooms45c
Toilet Paper, 6 rolls25c
Matches 12 boxes30c
We will deliver sugar only with other orders.	
Phone your orders early as you can and it will help us.	

S. D. EARLY
Cash Only
South Greencastle, Corner Main and Broadway
PHONE 423
Orders Over \$1. Delivered - Phone Your Order Early

Gasoline Prices Follow Crude

"What," asked a customer recently, "has caused the sharp advance in the price of gasoline?" And our answer was substantially as follows:

The advances in the selling price of gasoline which have occurred since January 1st, were due primarily to the increased cost of crude oil. The market on all grades of crude took an upward trend during the latter part of 1919, and has been climbing steadily since that time.

During 1919 gasoline prices remained stationary, the refiners absorbing the increased cost of crude as long as it was possible to do so. In January, 1920, gasoline prices generally were advanced to meet the increasing cost of raw material.

Another factor was the practical exhaustion of gasoline reserves brought about by the unprecedented demands for this fuel. During the first months of this year the consumption of gasoline greatly exceeded production.

But the primary reason was the constantly increasing price of crude oil.

Still other reasons for the mounting prices are the greatly increased cost of labor, of steel, and of other items used in manufacture; also the constantly advancing cost of marketing and distribution. Everything that goes into the refining of petroleum is very expensive today.

But the primary and controlling reason is found in the increasing cost of crude.

In keeping with its well-known policy, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has been able to maintain low prices for gasoline in the face of advancing prices for crude oil because of its large scale operation in refining, and its complete and economical system of distribution. And, also, because of its advanced facilities for obtaining a maximum quantity of gasoline from a given quantity of crude.

The Middle West depends largely upon gasoline power for producing food stuffs.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is straining every fibre of its highly specialized organization to meet this demand.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)
910 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

2160

High School Auditorium
Wednesday, August 25

Mitchell Lewis and Florence Turner
in

"Fools' Gold"

"A Gripping Story of the Northwest"

Chaplin Comedy "The Blundering Boob"

Two Shows Beginning At 7:00
Admission 15c

Coal From Leaves, Bark and Fruits.

After an exhaustive study of a large number of coal seams, James Lomax, an English mineralogist, says he has come to the conclusion that almost all had their origin in vegetable matter grown and deposited on the spot where it now rested, the coal substance being formed chiefly by the droppings of leaves, twigs, bark and fruits, in the shape of seeds and fruitiferous cones mainly from large trees. There had also been, especially in the lower parts of coal beds, the remains of plants much smaller in size and lower in the scale of organization, various kinds of mosslike plants, all of which combined to form a humus in which the plants much more highly organized could exist and develop.—Indianapolis News.

Overcrowding the Earth.

According to the statisticians, the population of the world cannot go on indefinitely at the present rate. It has been estimated that if it does, then we are near the end of our tether. In about 170 years from now the maximum population that the earth can support will be reached! The only country at the present time that is reasonably living within its assets of land is France, for to double her population requires 433 years. If the present rate of increase of the population of the world is maintained (supposing such a thing possible), then in 2,000 years from now the population would be 25 times greater than it is now.

Have Long and Short Lives.

Sparrows can live to be forty years old. A horse does not live much more than twenty-seven years. Cats get to be about thirteen years old. The tortoise is supposed to live to be between 300 and 400 years old. Some persons say toads can live forever, but, of course, that has not been proved, though certainly they live to an exceedingly great age. Both an eagle and a crow have been known to live to be 100, but the wren lives only about three years. An elephant's lifetime is about 100 years, but he isn't regarded as grown up until he is about twenty-five years old.

Foredoomed.

Father's present to little Johnny on his eighth birthday was a beautiful book.

"And if you find any new words in it," said he rashly, "don't forget to ask me, sonny."

The cross-examination soon began.

"Father, what's an optimist?" burst out Johnny, before he had read to the foot of the first page.

"He—an optimist!" replied father, thinking hard. "Oh, an optimist, my son, is an Englishman who buys goods from a Jew, hoping to sell them at a profit to a Scotsman."—London Answers.

Pleasing Father.

An Indianapolis resident, who recently visited his former home in Kentucky hill country, took along the usual gifts and remembrances for members of the family. One of these, a dog, obtained at the city pound, part bull and with only half a tail, stood out.

"You see it will please father," he said. "He has 14 dogs now, but this one is different. No," he said, "there is no dog tax in Kentucky."

Was It Lauder?

"I hear that Harry has quit playing golf," remarked one caddy to another at the first tee.

"You don't tell me? Not the Scotchman who has been a golfer for 40 years?"

"Yes, that's the chap."

"What's the matter? Is he crippled?"

"Oh, no; he lost his golf ball."

Psychological Moment.

"Do you mean to say that an old-timer like you feels uneasy when called upon to make a political speech?"

"Yes," admitted Senator Sorghum, "though I won't say it's exactly stage fright. You never can tell when everything might have gone your way if you hadn't happened to spring the wrong epigram or funny story."

Unprofitable Combination.

Howell—Is your new hired man satisfactory?

Powell—I should say not. He is one of the heavy eaters and light workers.

If You Want

RESULTS

YOU can get them by advertising in this paper. It reaches the best class of people in this community.

Use this paper if you want some of their business.

Use This Paper

Discarded phonograph records make excellent substitutes for beeswax for batons.

Insects cause an annual loss of approximately \$1,500,000,000 to the United States.

The center of population of the United States in 1910 was the city of Bloomington, Ind.

Enthusiasm is one of the world's vital forces, but it must be directed by good judgment.

HERALD WANT ADS PAY

Women are now eligible to serve on English juries.

Don't criticize your neighbor; set him an example.

It is said that cress is the quickest growing of plants.

There are more than 80,000 trained nurses in England.

One of the things we can't buy on credit is experience.

Most men are aware that the hand of fate is gloveless.

Baboons are, with a few exceptions, found only in Africa.

None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.

Charity doesn't cover many sins unless it begins at home.

About the hardest crop to raise on a farm is the children.

One-seventh of the land in the United States is cultivated.

Wise is the architect who plans to have a mansion in the skies.

The lace trade affords employment to 200,000 persons in France.

Details of the deaths of 361,854 French soldiers are unknown.

A full beard, in ancient Greece, was considered a sign of manhood.

The "fire" of an opal is due to the presence of water in the gem.

What are we here for unless it is to live our lives to the uttermost?

The greatest distance at which thunder can be heard is 15 to 18 miles.

UNTANGLED

By W. A. PEACH.

(Ed. 1929, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

It was lunch hour in the restaurant run by the big mail order firm for the use of its employees. The girls were seated about, talking or reading. Ruth was the only one to whom no young man of the many men in the great building had seemed to turn an interested eye—that is, no man of the kind she wanted to know.

The girls had joked her about the situation so much that when Mary Kennedy had come to her and showed her a picture of a whimsical masculine face, handsome in a clean, pleasant fashion, and told her that he came from her own upstate, she had said glibly:

"Oh, yes, I know him; he's an old friend of mine!"

And she did not know him from Adam!

"You do?" said Mary. "Well, that is fine. He is a friend of Fred's and is coming in on the evening train—just in time to go to the dance; and you can take care of him. All the other girls are tied up."

And Mary, walking gayly away, had announced to the gathered girls that at last Ruth was to have a beau.

Thinking it over in her room, Ruth felt tears come to her eyes; but a glance at the clock started her into action. She got out the simple dress that was her sole evening gown, and with unwilling fingers prepared herself for her ordeal.

She went alone to the hall where the girls were giving the dance—a little, lonely, and somewhat pathetic figure. She was welcomed with smiles and questions. "Is he good looking?"

"May I see the snapshot?" "Is he an old flame of yours?" and similar queries were asked her. She forced herself to smile in a tantalizing way, but her heart was not as gay as her smile.

The dance began, and to her surprise she found she was asked to dance more than ever before. She wondered why.

The fateful hand moved around on the big hall clock to the train time, then to a little after. Perhaps, he would not come; and she prayed that her hope might be true. She had about reached the conclusion he had not when a slight confusion at the door drew her attention, and she saw Mary bearing down upon her.

"Ruth, he's come and waiting. As long as you know him, just get him and give him a good time," Mary said. "This is my favorite dance."

Setting her will to the effort, she went down the hall and up to a tall young fellow who was watching her with an odd expression on his face.

She stopped before him, panic-stricken until she saw the brown, friendly eyes looking down at hers. She held out her hand and he took it in a close, friendly grasp.

"Mary had just time to say 'Hello!' I'll get a friend of yours—an old one!" Are you the one? I hope so," he added.

It was enough. Forgetting that he still held her hand, she blurted out the whole miserable story. He listened soberly—she was a bit frightened at that—and then spoke the words that brought some peace to her stormy heart.

"We ought to be old friends if we aren't. Let's dance. That music is great," he said smiling.

She drew a long breath and swung with him into the dance.

Four hours later it was a tired but supremely happy little girl that crept into the small bed in the hall room, after a long examination at the mirror and the old verdict, "What a homely pug nose! If I could get rid of that! Never mind—I have had one good time that no one can ever, ever take away from me!"

At the office the next day, she was the subject of much interest. But she parried all comments that were suggestive. "He goes home today," she said quietly.

But he did not. She was called to the telephone at noon, and his pleasant voice asked her to promise the evening to him. In a voice that must have been faint to him, she agreed.

Then the wonder days began—golden, glorious days when hearts are finding their way to each other in a union that even death, supreme over all else, can never sunder.

And then came the last evening. They were alone in the little reception room. He was standing and saying simply: "I must go tomorrow. Before I go, Ruth, I want to know something; can you grow to love me while I am away?"

She could not find the words though her lips moved. The keen, searching strength came into his eyes. Suddenly, something strong and steady went about her, and from his shoulder she was looking up.

"But nobody ever loved me!" she whispered, dazed and confused, and shaken by what had entered her life with overwhelming force. "Just see my homely nose and my—"

Something gentle and kind burned softly in eyes above hers. "And my dark, pretty hair and—little girl, there are all kinds of flowers; the one I love is the simple rose that used to grow in my mother's garden; you are it! As for that nose—" His gentle hand tipped her face, and he inspected the turned-up nose critically. "I like it, but most of all I love the girl who hates it!"

And then he kissed the lips beneath it.



ONE MILLION

Seven Hundred Thousand Dollar

Bank and Trust Company in Greencastle under the supervision of the United States Government and the State of Indiana.

We pay you interest on all your surplus money while you are waiting for a bargain.

The
Central National Bank
And
Central Trust Comp'y

Money

NOW is the time to lay in your supply of coal. Get it while the getting is good.

On household goods, vehicles, implements, live stock, automobiles etc. Agent in office 1 hour each wk.

Loan

If you haven't the money to pay cash, come to us. We will loan you any amount from \$25 to \$300 on your personal property.

Indian Lona Company
Room 3 Donner Block



But This is the 20th Century

Generations ago people named friends and relatives as their executors.

Generations ago, too, people put to sea in frail crafts that took unthinkably long to get anywhere; dispatch, ed important messages by couriers; and only brave knights and wicked witches of fairy tales transported themselves through the air.

But THIS is the twentieth century! People span the ocean in a few days, talk from one end of the continent to the other, fly from city to city in an airplane.

And people named reliable institutions like ours to administer their estates.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Greencastle, Indiana.



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TRAVEL AND SHIP YOUR FREIGHT

...via...

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANAPOLIS & EASTERN TRACTION COMPANY AND CONNECTING LINES

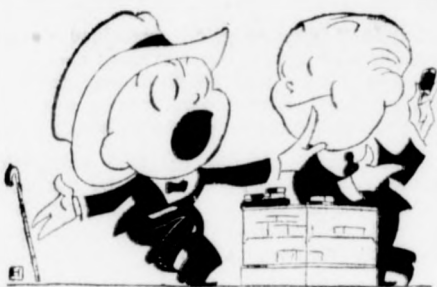
Local and interline less car load load and car load shipments to all points reached by Traction lines in Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Kentucky and Michigan.

Hourly Local Express Service
Station Delivery

Passenger cars equipped with double windows insuring to patrons a dependable service.

For rates and further information see local T. H. I. & E. agent or address Traffic Department, 203 Traction Terminal Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

He was a poor actor
but he got by!



THE OTHER day,
I WAS in a cigar store,
AND A man came in,
TO BUY cigarettes,
AND HE had a cold,
AND WAS SO HOARSE,
HE COULDN'T make,
THE CLERK understand,
JUST WHAT he wanted,
AND HE got madder,
EVERY TIME,
HE DREW a brand,
HE DIDN'T want,
HE POUNDED the case,
AND TRIED to talk,
BUT HE only wheezed,
AND HE made signs,
WITH HIS fingers,
BUT THEY didn't get over,
AND FINALLY,
HE THOUGHT he'd try,
TO ACT it out,
AND HE closed his eyes,
AND MADE his face,
SERENE AND calm,
AND SMILED and looked,
ABSOLUTELY CONTENTED,
AND THE clerk said,
"I GOT you, Steve!"
AND HANDED him,
A PACKAGE of,
THOSE CIGARETTES,
THAT SATISFY.



SATISFY? You said it! Those fine Turkish and Domestic tobaccos and that can't-be-copied Chesterfield blend s-a-t-i-s-f-y with every puff!

And the moisture-proof, glassine-wrapped special package keeps 'em the way you want 'em—fine, full-flavored, firm and fresh—always!

They Satisfy
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.